

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1918

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**CHAMBER MUSIC** by James Joyce. New York: B. W. Huebsch; \$1.

A lyric sequence by the author of "Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man" and "Dubliners."

**GROWING PAINS** by Jean Starr Untermeyer. New York: B. W. Huebsch; \$1.

Introspective poetry that is both intensely probing and strangely passionate, by one of the most unflinching of the younger group.

**CHINESE LYRICS** by Gautier-Whitall. New York: B. W. Huebsch; \$1.

Lyrics from "The Book of Jade" of Judith Gautier, translated from the French by James Whitall.

**BALLADS OF PEACE AND WAR** by Horace Spencer Fiske. Boston: Stratford Co., 75c.

Sixteen topical ballads reprinted from various books and periodicals.

**THE DIVINE AND MORAL SONGS OF ISAAC WATTS** by Wilbur Macey Stone. New York: The Tryptych, 15 Park Row; \$2.50.

An essay on the origin and history of Isaac Watts' "Divine and Moral Songs," together with a list of the five or six hundred editions of this once very popular juvenile which delighted and frightened the children of many generations of New Englanders and English. Portrait of Watts.

**WOMEN AND THE LABOR PARTY** edited by Dr. Marion Phillips. New York: B. W. Huebsch; \$1.

Essays expressing the views of various well-known women writers, published to promote discussion among women, to shape opinion and define policy, and to indicate the nature of the problems which await solution as well as formulate remedies for them: the poor law, the community nursery, women as brain workers, as domestic workers, the claims of mothers and children, the workingman's house, women and internationalism are among the topics discussed. Foreword by Arthur Henderson, M. P.

**COMMISSION ON RELIGIOUS PREJUDICES REPORT** published by the Supreme Council of the Knights of Columbus. Louisville, Ky.: P. H. Callahan.

In 1914 the Knights of Columbus established a commission to "study the causes, investigate conditions and suggest remedies for the religious prejudice that has been manifest through press and rostrum in a malicious and scurrilous campaign that is hostile to the spirit of American freedom and liberty; . . . to ascertain exactly who were the persons behind these movements, who were financing them, and what the authorities at Washington could and would do toward eliminating this most disturbing menace to the peace and prosperity of our land." The commission worked through 1915-6-7 and in this report submits its findings.

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**THE GREAT CHANCE** by Charles W. Wood. New York: Boni & Liveright; \$1.50.

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**THE WINGED SPIRIT** by Marie Tudor. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, \$1.50.

A new volume of poems by the author of "The Potter's Clay."

**AMERICANIZED SOCIALISM** by James MacKaye. New York: Boni & Liveright; \$1.25.

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# REEDY'S MIRROR

Vol. XXVII. No. 52

ST. LOUIS, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1918

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WILLIAM M. REEDY, Editor and Proprietor

### For Our "Boys"

So many of our readers have inquired about a reduction in the subscription rate for the boys at the front that we have decided to cut it in half. REEDY'S MIRROR will be sent to anyone in the training camps or the fighting forces anywhere for one year for \$1.50. This is done in recognition of our debt to them.



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## Idealist and Realist

By William Marion Reedy

PRESIDENT WILSON'S idea of a League of Nations gains in strength. The lesser minds in politics are rallying against it everywhere. By that I mean the minds less blessed with the humane imagination. The chauvinists and jingoes, the militarists and protectionists are opposed to it. The upper class instinct and the purely commercialist instinct say that the project is chimerical, that what the President proposes cannot be done. The opponents are men of little faith in anything but the potency of selfishness. The League of Nations to maintain peace is too good to be true, too idealistic to be worth striving for. Let us keep down to the earth, they say, and cease soaring in the vast inane of the impracticable in pursuit of a pious aspiration. The other nations will have none of it and this country will fall in a ditch while following a star. So such able senators as Lodge and Knox, such a wittily wise publicist as Col. George Harvey. But the French delegates to the peace conference commit themselves in terms to the substance of the Wilsonian proposal and Viscount Grey, former foreign secretary of Great Britain, the most cultured of European statesmen, cordially approves the project. The thinkers are for it, only the superficial sensationalists, in the philosophic sense, antagonize it. There is no escaping the reasonableness of Viscount Grey's conclusion that the allied nations now constitute the beginning of the league, and that their past has but to be continued to develop into a confederation for peace. He shows, moreover, that the thing is practicable only with the United States as a part of the organization, introducing an element of disinterestedness that will prevent the alliance from becoming another concert of the European powers, held together precariously by a necessarily imperfect balancing of interests. In particular Viscount Grey insists that the way to the prevention of war and the perpetuation of peace lies in an international trusteeship of the regions of the earth for control of which, without regard to the good of the inhabitants, the rivalries of imperialism have been generated. There must be no monopoly of, no exclusion from, "a place in the sun." Only through the participation of the United States can there be any stoppage of that exploitation of the resources and the people of the backward regions of the world which has been the influence most steadily making for war during the past three centuries. This means, say our fearsome jingoes, an entangling alliance such as Washington warned us against, but how can an alliance be malefically entangling that is not for the protection of narrow interests? The League of Nations is not to be a league of exclusion, but of inclusion. Even the former central empires will be admitted when they have purged themselves of their sin of the will to power. The United States is not to become committed as between European rivalries, but to be joined with European nations in an undertaking for the common good. Ah, say the chauvinists, if the United States goes in for that, what becomes of our sacrosanct Monroe doctrine? The answer is that it becomes a Monroe Doctrine for the world, not for this hemisphere; that it takes in all the nations, big and little. To be sure it will prevent our imperialistic exploitation of South America or of Mexico, but if peace be a de-

sirable thing, we must do away with the exploitation that provokes conflict, wherever it may threaten such disturbance. All this means, of course, eventually that there must be a greater and freer communication in trade between all nations by the abolition of all those barriers to such intercourse which are the devices of the exploitationists. This it is that excites the antipathies of those interests which regard their privileges as identical with national prestige. This it is that has worked for spheres of influence, for favored concessions, for tariffs, for armaments with which to make trade march with the flag. A League of Nations that will put an end to that is not what the captains of finance desire, but it is what the people of all countries hope and pray for. The claims of the European nations upon territories, we are told by the pessimists, are impossible of reconciliation, of adjustment. What about those secret treaties of partition? The problem would be insoluble under the old order, but it will not be under the new. The principle of self-determination of the allegiance of the people in the territories in question introduces a factor making for settlement. The rights of the smaller nations of the weaker peoples are the prime consideration. They condition the might of the larger nations and they bring any one might into subordination to the might of all. There is nothing impractical in the League of Nations idea, for back of the great powers and small which shall engage to maintain the league is a greater power than them all—the power of all the people of all the nations, the will of all the people that they shall no longer be led to slaughter in hecatombs for national glory that is but the greed of those who use the nations for their own enrichment. The common man the world over is for the League of Nations and so are those best men for it whose greatness lies in the fact that, as Mr. Frederick W. Lehmann said of Lincoln, they possess the common qualities of the common man in uncommon degree. Only the ignorant sneer at the idea of a League of Nations as the dream of scholars in politics. The President well said at the Sorbonne the other day, that the world is safer for the common man because of that culture which puts men in possession of knowledge of the human heart and spirit as revealed in literature, than it ever can be under the domination of a culture rooted in the baser motives of life and flowering into *Realpolitik*. All our realists are against the League of Nations, all our idealists for it. But without idealism the world has no objective and all our best realities in life and government were once ideals scoffed by practical men. That is why "the dreamer lives forever while the toiler dies in a day."



## Hog Island, a Sign

By William Marion Reedy

HOW rightly was Hog Island named! Some how about \$34,000,000 has been hogged by someone in the operation of the ship yard there. The plant was to cost \$27,000,000. It cost about \$61,000,000. And the plant built only one complete ship! Where the \$34,000,000 went no one knows. Lumber was bought and paid for without any certitude that it was ever delivered. Labor was highly paid for idleness. And not only that—

## Marts and Money

Wall street folks are in an unusually observant and calculating mood, though quietly hopeful withal. They understand that governing circumstances do not favor a sustained, substantial improvement in prices in the near future. Money remains unpleasantly tight, and investment buying is of relatively slender proportions. Industrial readjustment is under way, and may bring disquieting revelations by and by. Copper, motor, and steel interests are cutting prices more or less materially in order to stimulate ordinary demand. Their course of procedure must hasten the downward revision in every direction. It leaked out, the other day, that copper producers had lowered the price of the metal to about 19 cents to jobbers, or seven cents below the level fixed at Washington. The immediate result was a rather sharp setback in the values of leading copper shares. Mr. McAdoo's recommendation that the government retain control of railroad companies five years longer made a bad impression for a day or two. It gave a severe jolt to the whole market, though the volume of selling was not as heavy as might reasonably have been expected at first. Stock exchange people are impatient of the temporizing, opportunistic attitude of the government. They hate uncertainties and *manana* methods in the conduct of paramount affairs. Being up in the air as concerns the future of railroads, they feel unable, naturally, to form conclusions as to the real values of shares of this category. Congress is in session. That's about all it does at present. After studying the railroad question in one form or another for at least twenty years, though mostly *à bâton rompu*, or fitfully, there still is an almost hopeless confusion of legislatorial minds as to what should be done at this critical conjuncture. Abundance of knowledge is not always helpful. It's apt to lead to obfuscation. What would be proper valuation of Union Pacific common if it were decided that federal control must end within the period originally stipulated? The current figure is 129½. Something like 140 or 145, probably. The stock was rated at 149½ in June, 1917. What, on the other hand, would be a fair figure if the proposal that period of control be extended five years were to be made effective? About 110, perhaps. In the latter event, it would be regarded as all but certain that complete nationalization must be the next step. The extent of subsequent recovery would hinge upon conjectures as to terms of purchase. But let's refrain from looking too far ahead respecting this particular subject. The general bond market is heavy. There's no urgent inquiry for any of the representative issues. The upward movement, which started about seven months ago, has culminated. Further recuperation is hindered by monetary stringency, the unprecedented glut of investment paper, and the unsatisfactory market for Liberty bonds. The 4½s are approaching an income basis of 4¾ per cent. Time loans remain at 6 per cent, with offerings distressingly meager, according to reliable reports. Perceptible relief can-



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not fairly be looked for in the next two or three weeks, with the banking institutions preparing for January disbursements and settlements. The grand total of interest and dividend cheques will be at least \$350,000,000. The stock exchange gives quite a deal of attention to reports about Germany's financial affairs. It is realized that utter collapse in that country might be disagreeably reflected in the markets of other nations. It is of sinister import that German currency is steadily depreciating in neutral centers. In Holland, it is 55 per cent below parity, and in Switzerland, 58 per cent. Long-headed financiers are trying to figure out what German money will be worth if the British government should really resolve to ask for an indemnity of \$120,000,000,000. However, the election is over in the kingdom.

United States Steel common is valued at 96½ right now. This compares with 116½ last August, and with an absolute maximum of 136½, set in May, 1917. The quotation was not seriously injured by the corporation's monthly statement, which revealed a contraction of 228,630 tons in the total of unfilled orders as of December 1. The aggregate was placed at 8,124,663 tons. The absolute high record, established in 1917, was a little over 12,000,000 tons. The *Iron Age* points out that "current export prices of the British steel industry are \$15 to \$20 per ton above prevailing official prices in America. This fact suggests that existing conditions in Europe's labor market, in its transportation facilities, and, in a measure, in its currencies, may be such as to modify profoundly old-time ideas of international competition." Staid observers should see the advisability of reserving judgment in respect to this matter. In commodity prices the tendency continues downward. *Dun's Review* reports forty-seven alterations in three hundred and sixteen quotations last week, thirty-one being declines, as against sixteen advances. The agricultural department estimates the December 1 condition of the growing winter wheat crop at 98.5 per cent of normal, compared with 79.3 a year ago, 85.7 in 1916, and a ten-year average of 88.2. The probable production is put at 765,000,000 bushels. Should the 1919 spring wheat crop be a fair average, the grand total production of wheat would be in excess of 1,000,000,000 bushels and probably exceed the record results of 1915, which were 1,011,000,000 bushels. The Missouri winter wheat

condition is estimated at 103; that of Illinois at 100, that of Kansas at 98, and that of Oklahoma at 100. The 1918 cotton crop is estimated at 11,700,000 bales of five hundred pounds gross weight. Some years ago, the record was close to 16,000,000 bales. Quotations on the cotton exchange in New York have displayed noteworthy resiliency of late, largely on account of encouraging advices about reduced ocean freight rates and enlarged buying for foreign interests. There can be no doubt that the planters are assured of another year of prosperity, despite recent deflation in the quotations for their chief product. Some of New York's bankers are expressing decidedly conservative views regarding the financial future. Mr. Jacob H. Schiff is quoted as follows in the *Times*: "Assuming that an issue of \$10,000,000,000 additional government bonds proves necessary for the liquidation of the war and for further advances to some of the Allies, and needs for reconstruction purposes, there will be outstanding nearly \$27,000,000,000 of war bonds when a programme for retiring the various issues is put into operation. Figuring upon a final total of allied indebtedness to us as from \$7,000,000 to \$10,000,000,000, and deducting the liquidating debt of, say, about \$7,000,000,000, there would remain some \$20,000,000,000 to be finally retired by taxation. We must all trim our sails in accordance with the drift and amount of business."

## Latest Quotations

Nat. Bank of Commerce.....	118 1/2
Mercantile Trust.....	335
Mississippi Valley Trust.....	260
St. Louis Union Trust.....	286
United Railways com.....	2 3/4
do pfd.....	3 1/2
do 4s.....	12 1/2
K. C. Home Tel. 5s.....	48 1/4
Certain-teeed com.....	88
do 2d pfd.....	37
do 1st pfd.....	75
Mo. Portland Cement.....	87 1/4
International Shoe com.....	75
Brown Shoe com.....	102 1/2
Hydraulic P. Brick com.....	66 1/2
do pfd.....	2 1/2
Hamilton-Brown.....	16
National Candy com.....	127
	59 1/4
	60 1/4

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## Answers to Inquiries

STOCKHOLDER, St. Louis.—The \$13 decline in the price of National Biscuit common has no specific unfavorable significance. There are no intimations of a probable cut in the \$7 dividend, and the financial condition is perfectly sound. The total accumulated surplus is close to the \$18,000,000 mark, as compared with \$13,600,000 at the close of 1914. You need not lose sleep about your investment. There's no probability of a startling decline in the quotation. The stock is mostly owned by investors who pay very little attention to the antics of Wall street.

W. G., Webster Groves, Mo.—(1) If you still have a paper profit on your Superior Steel, take it. The dividend will undoubtedly be cut before long. That is pretty well foreshadowed by the quoted price of 36. One should never be in a hurry about buying things of this kind. They have a treacherous market most of the time. (2) Certain-teeed Products second preferred is not a safe investment. There's no likelihood of a big rise in 1919.

SUBSCRIBER, Minneapolis, Minn.—There appears to be no immediate danger of a reduction in the Delaware & Hudson dividend of \$9 per annum. The quoted price of 113 is suspiciously low, however, and it would be advisable for you to liquidate in case of an advance of some importance. The break from 151 1/2 to 87 between January and November, 1917, was unquestionably caused, to a large extent, by heavy inside liquidation, for D. & H. had not been a speculative favorite for many years. A cut to \$8 seems discounted. The establishment of a \$7 dividend might bring a break to 98. Much will depend upon the condition of the general market at the time action is taken.

QUERIST, Miami, Fla.—(1) Sinclair Oil is thoroughly speculative. No probability of resumption of dividends in next few months. Cannot recommend purchase. (2) Let American Marconi alone. Nothing substantial to buy it on. (3) Advise sticking to Tobacco Products and going through amalgamation.

R. N. D., Syracuse, N. Y.—New Haven and Hartford is quoted at 34 3/4 at this moment. Sold at 45 1/2 some months ago. The low mark in 1917 was 21 1/2. If your commitment shows a loss, stick to it. There may be another smart upturn at an early date. Rumors of good buying have been current for some weeks. Don't add to your holdings except in case of a decline to about 28, and scale your order. Patience is a most profitable virtue even in Wall street.

H. L. G., Springfield, Mass.—Atchison



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general 4s, Atlantic Coast Line first 4s, Baltimore & O. first 4s, and Union Pacific first 4s are good investments. As regards C. M. & St. Paul issues—let them alone for the present. The safety of Liberty 4 1/4s cannot be questioned. Their prices are subject to fluctuations, of course. Whether or not they may

fall further will depend upon developments in money markets and financial policies of government in 1919. It's conceivable that they might decline to 90 or 89 temporarily. The course of digestion is slow, necessarily, and affects the market not only for Liberty bonds, but also that for other bonds. Besides, there's another big bond issue coming up. Old French 3 per cent rentes are quoted at 62.90 francs, and British 2½ per cent consols at 60. Sold at 78 and 68½ four years ago, after outbreak of war. At least 30 per cent of total amount of Liberties outstanding is for sale in case of necessity or price improvement. Hard times would accentuate the pressure.

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### New Books Received

*Orders for any books reviewed in REEDY'S MIRROR will be promptly filled on receipt of purchase price with postage added when necessary. Address REEDY'S MIRROR, St. Louis, Mo.*

**FORWARD MARCH** by Angela Morgan. New York: John Lane Co., \$1.25.

A volume of poems, internationalistic in tone, containing "God Prays," one of the prize winners in the yearly contest of the Poetry Society of America.

**ABRAHAM LINCOLN, THE PRACTICAL MYSTIC** by Francis Grierson. New York: John Lane Co., \$1.

A study of Lincoln with special attention to the spiritual atmosphere in which he lived, thought and worked. Arguments pointed with excerpts from Lincoln's writings.

**BRITISH-AMERICAN DISCORDS AND CONCORDS** compiled by the History Circle. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 75c.

A summary of the relations between Great Britain and America since the beginning of the latter nation, compiled from various sources. Map and bibliography.

**SIDELIGHTS ON SHAKESPEARE** by Edwin Gordon Lawrence. Boston: Stratford Co., \$1.50.

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♦♦♦

*She—I wonder why men lie so? He—Because their wives are so inquisitive.—Boston Transcript.*

♦♦♦

*Bix—I hate golf; it's too much like work. Dix—I hate work; it's not enough like golf.—Boston Transcript.*

♦♦♦

*Teacher—with steak at 45 cents a pound what would four pounds and a half come to? Johnny—it wouldn't come to our house.—Boston Transcript.*

♦♦♦

*Wifey (just back from visit)—Did you have many callers while I was away? Hub—Every time I tried to bluff—er—I mean no, my dear, not many.—Boston Transcript.*

♦♦♦

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*Reedy's*

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# REEDY'S MIRROR

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WILLIAM M. REEDY, Editor and Proprietor

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### Idealist and Realist

By William Marion Reedy

PRESIDENT WILSON'S idea of a League of Nations gains in strength. The lesser minds in politics are rallying against it everywhere. By that I mean the minds less blessed with the humane imagination. The chauvinists and jingoes, the militarists and protectionists are opposed to it. The upper class instinct and the purely commercialist instinct say that the project is chimerical, that what the President proposes cannot be done. The opponents are men of little faith in anything but the potency of selfishness. The League of Nations to maintain peace is too good to be true, too idealistic to be worth striving for. Let us keep down to the earth, they say, and cease soaring in the vast inane of the impracticable in pursuit of a pious aspiration. The other nations will have none of it and this country will fall in a ditch while following a star. So such able senators as Lodge and Knox, such a wittily wise publicist as Col. George Harvey. But the French delegates to the peace conference commit themselves in terms to the substance of the Wilsonian proposal and Viscount Grey, former foreign secretary of Great Britain, the most cultured of European statesmen, cordially approves the project. The thinkers are for it, only the superficial sensationalists, in the philosophic sense, antagonize it. There is no escaping the reasonableness of Viscount Grey's conclusion that the allied nations now constitute the beginning of the league, and that their past has but to be continued to develop into a confederation for peace. He shows, moreover, that the thing is practicable only with the United States as a part of the organization, introducing an element of disinterestedness that will prevent the alliance from becoming another concert of the European powers, held together precariously by a necessarily imperfect balancing of interests. In particular Viscount Grey insists that the way to the prevention of war and the perpetuation of peace lies in an international trusteeship of the regions of the earth for control of which, without regard to the good of the inhabitants, the rivalries of imperialism have been generated. There must be no monopoly of, no exclusion from, "a place in the sun." Only through the participation of the United States can there be any stoppage of that exploitation of the resources and the people of the backward regions of the world which has been the influence most steadily making for war during the past three centuries. This means, say our fearsome jingoes, an entangling alliance such as Washington warned us against, but how can an alliance be malefically entangling that is not for the protection of narrow interests? The League of Nations is not to be a league of exclusion, but of inclusion. Even the former central empires will be admitted when they have purged themselves of their sin of the will to power. The United States is not to become committed as between European rivalries, but to be joined with European nations in an undertaking for the common good. Ah, say the chauvinists, if the United States goes in for that, what becomes of our sacrosanct Monroe doctrine? The answer is that it becomes a Monroe Doctrine for the world, not for this hemisphere; that it takes in all the nations, big and little. To be sure it will prevent our imperialistic exploitation of South America or of Mexico, but if peace be a de-

sirable thing, we must do away with the exploitation that provokes conflict, wherever it may threaten such disturbance. All this means, of course, eventually that there must be a greater and freer communication in trade between all nations by the abolition of all those barriers to such intercourse which are the devices of the exploitationists. This it is that excites the antipathies of those interests which regard their privileges as identical with national prestige. This it is that has worked for spheres of influence, for favored concessions, for tariffs, for armaments with which to make trade march with the flag. A League of Nations that will put an end to that is not what the captains of finance desire, but it is what the people of all countries hope and pray for. The claims of the European nations upon territories, we are told by the pessimists, are impossible of reconciliation, of adjustment. What about those secret treaties of partition? The problem would be insoluble under the old order, but it will not be under the new. The principle of self-determination of the allegiance of the people in the territories in question introduces a factor making for settlement. The rights of the smaller nations of the weaker peoples are the prime consideration. They condition the might of the larger nations and they bring any one might into subordination to the might of all. There is nothing impractical in the League of Nations idea, for back of the great powers and small which shall engage to maintain the league is a greater power than them all—the power of all the people of all the nations, the will of all the people that they shall no longer be led to slaughter in hecatombs for national glory that is but the greed of those who use the nations for their own enrichment. The common man the world over is for the League of Nations and so are those best men for it whose greatness lies in the fact that, as Mr. Frederick W. Lehmann said of Lincoln, they possess the common qualities of the common man in uncommon degree. Only the ignorant sneer at the idea of a League of Nations as the dream of scholars in politics. The President well said at the Sorbonne the other day, that the world is safer for the common man because of that culture which puts men in possession of knowledge of the human heart and spirit as revealed in literature, than it ever can be under the domination of a culture rooted in the baser motives of life and flowering into *Realpolitik*. All our realists are against the League of Nations, all our idealists for it. But without idealism the world has no objective and all our best realities in life and government were once ideals scoffed by practical men. That is why "the dreamer lives forever while the toiler dies in a day."

♦♦♦

### Hog Island, a Sign

By William Marion Reedy

HOW rightly was Hog Island named! Somehow about \$34,000,000 has been hogged by someone in the operation of the ship yard there. The plant was to cost \$27,000,000. It cost about \$61,000,000. And the plant built only one complete ship! Where the \$34,000,000 went no one knows. Lumber was bought and paid for without any certitude that it was ever delivered. Labor was highly paid for idleness. And not only that—

## REEDY'S MIRROR

the labor was drawn away from other war work in which it could have been used effectively. The work that was done at this ship yard cost inordinately more than the same kind of work done at other ship yards. Two or three big corporations had a share in the enterprise. Now the plant is on the government's hands and no one knows what is to be done with it, how it is to be demobilized. Mr. Denman, once of the shipping board, blames conditions upon General Goethals, who blames them right back upon Mr. Denman. The investigating boards or departments decline to say that there was any criminality in the conduct of the enterprise, and they are not quite sure if any of the lost \$34,000,000 can be recovered from any individuals or corporations by civil procedure against them. And there you are. We all know that we got into the war in a hurry and there was no time for the following out of the ordinary methods of safeguarding public work from extravagance and extortion. We all knew that for quick results we should have to pay large profits. We knew that in the situation presented the government would have to pay the topmost prices. But we didn't look for a waste of \$34,000,000 in a little over one year in one war enterprise.

What are we going to do about it? Somebody got the money for something the government didn't get. Is there no way to get that money back? Apparently not. But that question may be set aside for a time, for others. How much more are we to lose before we get rid of the Hog Island enterprise? Are we going to get out of it as planlessly as we went into it? There doesn't seem to be any plan for getting out of this or other war enterprises.

The President sailed away and left the whole problem of devolution up in the air. He thinks the American business man will work things out all right now that "the harness is off." Then he thinks that congress may do something to help. Well, we know what congress will do. It will talk—while business devolution goes to pot. Congress has prepared and will prepare for peace, just as it prepared for war. That's the way President Wilson, too, is preparing for peace. The \$34,000,000 waste at Hog Island shows how we prepared for war. The President thinks the boards that prepared us for war should be permitted to prepare us for the industrial readjustments of peace.

Especially this will work well, with business men getting out of the boards and back to their businesses, and their places being taken by politicians, mostly from the south. With this going on, probably demobilization and reconstruction will fall into the old pork-barrel ruts. There's great stuff for the pork-barrel crowd in the building of new military roads. There may be lots of pork in the placing of soldiers on the land—or rather in getting the land for the soldiers. Secretary of the Interior Lane is rushing a survey of the land that may be available, but there will be pickings in the great programme of reclamation of hundreds of millions of acres of land, just as there were pickings of \$34,000,000 for somebody at Hog Island. If we go into land reclamation as we did into ship building—oh, Lord! We hope and pray the thing will be done better than the soldiers are being got home and to work. We are beginning to see the boys now, broke, without railroad fare, far from home, without work, in all the big cities. A few of them have taken, here and there, to the device of the nocturnal stick-up, to raise funds. Others, as William Hard says, are panhandling. This is a result of *laissez faire*.

There's talk of great public works to employ labor. Where are those great public works being laid out? There are none. It is proposed, wisely,

that the departments of the Interior, Agriculture and Labor work together on such projects. A good idea. It is only proposed now. It should have been ready to be put in operation, as such plans are in Great Britain and France, as they were in Germany. That very necessary provision for easing us into place is left to congress, just about like the question what we shall do with the railroads. It is left to debate and delay. Otherwise we may rely on the restoration to peace footing working itself out in good shape. American business needs no direction. That is the President's idea. But he has to go over the ocean to tell all Europe how it is to get back to a peace footing. Probably our own problems now appear to him as parochial. That's why there is no plainly indicated way in which the country can get back the \$34,000,000 wasted at Hog Island. That's why there is no programme for dealing with unemployment. The friends of the President are beginning to tell us that the problem of employment is not going to be such a hard one. Let us hope they are right, but any problem of unemployment will be the worse for there being no provision to deal with it. It looks as if we shall get back into peace more fumblingly than we got into war. And it will cause us even more waste and loss than have been discovered at Hog Island.

The President is opposed to regimentation of the country, to a too large policy of control. Most of us want to get rid of the bureaucracy, and most of us remember that President Wilson got a good sized bureaucracy going long before there was any talk of war. Nobody had ever started so many commissions going as he did. When the war came, he had to go in for more bureaucracy. There's a great deal of it the country were well rid of. But that is not to say that now that the harness is off the horses are to prance and cavort all over the place. It is not to say, more particularly, that the bureaucracy is to be abandoned without making any provision for orderly process of readjustment to peace. While we don't like bureaucracy, we don't like anarchy. Nor do we like the prospect of reconstruction left solely to dicker and trading in congress. The President has gone off after a magnificent general international idea, leaving the tiresome details of domestic affairs to take care of themselves. He is like President Roosevelt who wouldn't bother himself about concrete things like the tariff. Only vast ethical or moral matters appeal to him. He dislikes the programme of our intellectuals which implies a great deal of government by experts. In that most democrats agree with him most heartily. But for all that, in the intricate conditions of modern life there is a need of machinery, and machinery must be run by engineers. There is need for a plan even in democracy. There is surely need for a comprehensive plan of peace preparedness that will prevent the multiplication of such waste of money not only, but of energy as is shown to have gone on in the great ship yard on Hog Island. This is no time for a government, even if it has been accused of too much concentration of power, to let go all holds on the business and industrial situation. It is the height of folly to let reconstruction run wild, for that may very well make peace for us more disastrous than war. It may mean Bolshevism, for it means almost inevitably that when pressure shall be applied for regulation of conditions it will be applied to the people down below and not to the fellows higher up. The let alone policy will hurt the many, not the few, in the present situation. It will be good only for the hogs and enlarge the boundaries of Hog Island until they become coterminous with those of the national domain. The President does well to concern himself with humanity at large, but he should not forget his own people and abandon them to the operation of natural laws perverted by the power of dog-in-the-manger privilege.

## Reflections

By William Marion Reedy

*Texas and the Future*

**T**EN billion dollars of taxes the Senate voted on us, Monday last, for 1919 and 1920. Most of it falls on industry, mighty little on privilege. It's a way taxes have. I wonder if, some day, relatively soon, the New Freedom will not be construed as freedom of production and service from penalization by law, thus making Democracy safe for the workers and dangerous only to the drones.

❖❖

*Thumb-Nail of Jim Reed*

You never can tell what Senator Reed of Missouri will do, but you can always bet that whatever it is, it is done in accordance with a conviction and not upon the basis of a calculation of benefit to himself. He doesn't try to do things that will make him popular. His aim is never to go with the crowd. He is not a sensationalist *poseur*. He does not act for applause. He opposes the President or the Secretary of the Treasury, or Food Controller Hoover or the woman suffragists even though such action be not popular. He doesn't court the favor of the press or, in any sycophantic sense, of his own constituents. He represents himself. In this in these days he is an oddity. He is so often at odds with what is most loudly acclaimed that to many people he must seem curiously perverse and intractable. His aggressiveness is almost pugnacious at times and his vocabulary is occasionally vitriolically vituperative, but he is always standing on some well defined principle that is controlling with himself, and his convictions are always to be respected. The other day he took up the cause of a man presently not at all popular in this country, Mr. Hearst. He thought that Mr. Hearst was being attacked by supposition and insinuation in the course of an investigation and promptly he interposed with his protest. If there were any facts against Mr. Hearst they should be made public, but there must be no framing of a supposititious case against that man by elaborately interpreted circumstantial evidence. He wanted facts, not ingenious or fantastic inferences. Mr. Hearst cannot help Senator Reed. Senator Reed gets no applause for protecting Mr. Hearst. Indeed he can get by such action nothing but criticism or abuse. He is no more afraid to defend the unpopular Mr. Hearst than he was to attack the popular Mr. Hoover. The Senator is supposed not to be over friendly with President Wilson. He differs freely and pointedly with the chief executive at times. The other day though, when someone made some insinuations or aspersions against the President in an inquiry, the senator promptly insisted that they be withdrawn. Senator Reed doesn't cater to anybody, not even to organized labor or to the unterrified and unquestioning regular democracy of his own constituency. To many people this makes the senator seem a difficult person, though he is not to people who don't expect a man to do everlasting the anticipated thing. Doubtless he thinks the people who can't always place him are as unreasonable as they think him. If there is anybody who thinks he has influence with Reed, that person has another think coming. The only person who has any real influence with the senior senator from Missouri is James A. Reed himself. His critics may call him vain, or stubborn, or what they will; that doesn't matter to him. He says the thought that is in him and usually he says it stinging. If he acts as one who begins to know he is wrong when he finds himself in agreement with many people, he at least does so in a way to make those who differ with him examine carefully into their conclusions. However one may differ with him, as I do often, there is no questioning his sincerity. His uncompromising spirit is

not always attractive, but there is something that is refreshing in his disregard of the politic thing to do. He is impolitic by nature. That makes him delectably different. He is not a good pretender. But he is not a mere objector, or a man who throws a monkey wrench in the machinery for the fun of the thing. He doesn't simply find fault with what other senators do. He himself works like a horse in his own committees and not seldom he goes in and helps work on other committees. There has not been a senator quite like him since the members of the upper house have been popularly elected. He is as "free" a senator as there is, not forgetting La Follette of Wisconsin, now emerging from a cloud cast upon him by the misreporting of a speech of his in opposition to our entering the war. Missourians sealed of the regular Democratic tribe are somewhat dazed by Senator Reed, but they do not distrust him even when he gets off the reservation and goes, as they think, ghost dancing. He is not nearly so slick as was Senator Stone, in fact slickness is not in him, but he has never lost his hold with his people, no matter how much they have wondered at what they term his vagarious intransigencies. A pungent person is Senator Reed. His wit has no sweet savor when he gives it play, though he is a most companionable person in mirth. He is as much his own man as Wilson is, but without Wilson's silken suavity. Like the President, he wants what he wants when he wants it. If there were more Reed's in senate and house the President would not so often get what he wants when he wants it, and that might not be a bad thing, sometimes, even for the President.

♦♦

*The Globe-Democrat Sees a Light*

OUR excellent Mayor Kiel having proposed an income tax for the raising of revenue in St. Louis, the excellent *Globe-Democrat* proceeds at once to "view with alarm." It sees such a tax driving population from St. Louis. Right it is. But the city of St. Louis imposes something like ninety-two taxes or licenses on business in this city, among them certain taxes on sales. Such taxes are not levied on business in other cities. Do not such taxes help to keep business backward in St. Louis? They do. They should be abolished, as President Aloe of the Board of Aldermen proposed some time ago. Does not every tax upon business or industry check business or industry? It does. Is not taxation a universally official means of discouraging certain things? It is. We license dogs, to keep down the multiplication of dogs, we tax fortune tellers to keep them from telling fortunes, we license saloons to keep down the number of saloons. The government proposes to tax the output of child labor to discourage child labor. Taxation will tend to diminish the supply of everything to which it is applied. The one thing the supply of which cannot be diminished is land. A tax upon land value will not decrease the supply of land. It will only operate to release unused land to occupation and use. Therefore it will promote production, and production is wealth. Suppose there were no taxes in St. Louis on money, houses, furniture, machinery, stocks of goods—upon anything but land values. Can you see any of the land being moved away? Hardly. Can't you see people moving in here with money, jewelry, machinery, furniture, stocks of goods? Can't you see the boom there would be in building? Can't you see there would be plenty of work at good pay and plenty of business for those who would be engaged in supplying necessities and luxuries to all the workers? Wouldn't such prosperity increase the value of land, and as it did so would not the taxation of the increase yield enough money to enable the city to make all kinds of improvements and provide all kinds of facilities? Surely these things would happen. Who would be hurt? Only the land holder, and chiefly the holder of land out of use. Merely holding land contributes nothing to

production or progress. On the contrary it enables the landholder to take a rake-off from the productive efforts of all those who work or render service. This rake-off would go to the community if the land values were so taxed as to take the rent. The taking of it would deprive no one of anything he had earned. Apply this to the whole nation and the result would be the same. It would promote production and multiply wealth. It wouldn't drive the land away. It would open up the land. Tax freed production would increase land values so that the taxes on those values would provide all the revenue needed. The excellent *Globe-Democrat* has hit upon a great truth in saying that an income tax here would drive business away from St. Louis. That discovery logically followed up would land the excellent *Globe-Democrat* in the court of the followers of Henry George. The ultimate justice of taxation is to tax people for what they get from the community, not for what they give to the community. And all taxes are iniquitous to the extent that they violate that principle.

♦♦

*Amnesty and Democracy*

THE world cannot be made safe for democracy so long as freedom of speech is denied to the people. No man can be free who has not freedom of thought. Unless he have that, the essential man is enslaved, for the mind is the man. And freedom of thought is impossible without freedom to express thought. Yet here in this great exemplar democracy of ours we are keeping men and women in prison for exercising freedom of thought and expression. Those people differed with the majority about the justice of our entering the war. They spoke out their minds. Most of them were opposed to Germany's actions and objects. They believed that our going to war meant our devotion to similar objects. They were, as I think, wrong, but they were not aiding and abetting the enemy. They were the victims of logic as distinct from reason, but when they expressed themselves they were exercising a right accorded them by the organic law of the land. In the midst of arms the laws may have been silent—but they were not dead. Wars pass. Laws remain. War law is for a time. The laws of peace run always. There can be no law under our constitution denying freedom of speech. This means that in peace freedom of speech is restored automatically. The offense of the people sentenced under the espionage acts under especial conditions, was political, not criminal. They were not disloyal. They pride themselves, in fact, upon their super-loyalty to American principles of government. They stood on the principle of freedom of speech, a principle every American indorses. The right is held to be a sacred one. It is an abomination that they should be penalized for exercising that right. They are being persecuted for opinion's sake. That is abhorrent to democracy, which is government by discussion. The punishment abolishes discussion. It denies democracy. That cannot be a crime which is in accord with the fundamental principle of our government. To be democratic cannot be treason in or to a democracy. Such being the case punishment for free speech is punishment for a non-existent offense. Such punishment is unlawful. Therefore the people who are being punished should be set free. The President should issue a proclamation of amnesty to all such.

♦♦

*Fixing the Foreign News*

DOES any thoroughbred United States newspaper man, reading the news from Europe these days, believe for one moment, that the recently seized control of the cable service by this government was for the facilitation of the conveyance of information concerning the peace conference and other matters in Europe to the people of this country? The news we are getting is palpably standardized

and most of it is couched in language only too plainly evincing its diplomatic origin. It reads like the language of the communiques between governments. From Germany we get the patchiest kind of stuff, indicating the operation of possibly two or three censorships. How little we have been permitted to know about the result of the recent general election in Great Britain! This sort of thing is not calculated to make us believe that open diplomacy has been instituted with regard to the peace discussions. And we wonder what to call the diplomacy that proposes to recognize as representatives of Russia a group of men who are not in any way representative of the Russian people or any existent Russian government. In a general way we learn that there are various agitations for a correction of frontiers involving a new partition of Europe and indeed of Asia and Africa, but how the American peace delegation stands on those questions there is no means of knowing. Our foreign news is very evidently carefully "canalized" and it looks as if it were being scientifically "denatured" as well. The taking over of the cable systems shortly before the President's departure for Europe was suspicious. Old journalistic hands are inclined to believe now that the worst suspicions are in process of being confirmed. With edited facts opinion is being directed. Personally I think it is much worse for the government to do this sort of thing than for William Randolph Hearst to do it, just as I think it's worse for the state to fix a jury to convict a man, than it is for a man's friends to fix a jury to acquit him. I am afraid my good friend George Creel is, as we say on the street, doping us for that vilest thing on earth—"reasons of state."

♦♦

*Women Workers and the Unions*

How about the status of woman in this country, after the war? I don't mean as to suffrage, though that is still a very open question. I mean with reference to woman's right to work. I see that Union Labor is coming out against her. In Cleveland it doesn't want her working as conductorette. Frank Morrison of the Federation wants to be rid of her "in overalls and uniform." The Shipping Board is to let out women mechanics. The War Labor Board says that women must not be employed on the Cleveland street cars, after March 1st, and I suppose the same ruling will apply in Detroit where the street car men's union has refused cards to women. Nothing is being said as yet about ousting the women employed on the steam railroads. The trainmen's different unions have admitted women to membership. Just how big the problem is cannot now be estimated. Probably not so many women as most of us think have been drawn into war work by high wages—that is, considering the normal increase of women in industry. The New York *Nation* says that these women are not more than five per cent of the total. However that may be, there is no doubt that Union Labor wants all those women's jobs. It may get them. But women can't be driven back into the home. They are in industry to stay. If they don't stay in one place they will find others and they will still compete with men for jobs. This competition will cut down men's wages. The labor unions are not helping themselves, so far as I can see. I should say that in the long run the unionists would do better by themselves if they were to stand by the women in industry and stand up for equal pay for equal work for women. The unions are letting themselves in for a lot of trouble. They will have to fight not alone the employers but the unemployed women too. And this they will have to do until they find some political and economic method—in the operation of which there will be developed more jobs than there shall be people to fill them. There's no other way of keeping down unemployment and keeping up wages. Until such a way is found unionism is sure to be only a makeshift stagger at real-

izing for every worker the full proceeds of his own toil.



#### *Will Raymond Robins Speak?*

WILL not Raymond Robins break his silence and tell his countrymen the truth about the Sisson documents of which it is alleged he says they are falsifications? Will not Raymond Robins tell us about the message of Lenin or Trotzky or both, to President Wilson, saying they would not sign the Brest-Litovsk treaty if they could be assured of Allied aid, which message the President is said not to have seen until he had already decided upon intervention in behalf of the Czecho-Slovak "anabasists"? It is chiefly upon what Mr. Robins is said privately to have told about Russian affairs that the opponents of this government's attitude toward Russia are making their most weighty assertions. It is my understanding that Mr. Robins is a major in the Red Cross organization and not a member of the National Army. In such case there is now no reason why he should refuse to tell what he knows. His countrymen have faith in his integrity. They would like to know, if he can tell them, if it is true, as is so vehemently asserted, that this government abandoned the Russian democracy. There are honest folk who think that we have gone into a combination with the Allies against the socialistic state of Russia even as the governments of Europe combined against the French revolution. If the authorities at Washington have suppressed information concerning our dealings with Russia it would seem to be the duty of a public spirited man like Raymond Robins, having knowledge of facts of vital importance, to enlighten the American people. We want to know if this democracy is helping to take from the Russian people the results of their revolution. We do not approve the reported revolutionary excesses of the Bolsheviks, though there is reason to believe that many of the reports are exaggerated, but true blue American democrats do not like to think that our statesmen and our armies are being used to re-establish serfdom after the Bolsheviks have abolished it. All the country wants is the facts. Will Mr. Raymond Robins speak up and speak out?



#### *Burlesonism*

SOME experts say that Postmaster General Burleson's reduction of long distance telephone rates is really not a reduction, but its opposite. Probably it would be better if the P. M. G. would get the telephone service back to the old standard of efficiency before even saying anything about rates. Neither the mail, the telegraph, the telephone nor the express service as now functioning is an argument for government ownership. They are all rotten. And it's fortunate for the government that so much of the incompetency of service could be blamed upon the lack of help due to influenza. The services were bad before the "flu" came. They were so bad that not even such a plan of acquisition of the wire services by the government as the provision of an amortization fund for twenty-five years out of the savings under government ownership will seduce the public to support that plan. The people want service and are willing to pay for it. They won't accept bad service, no matter how much the government saves by it. Lower tolls will not make bad service tolerable. Nobody has hit the government ownership cause so hard as Mr. Burleson. His administration has marred everything it has touched. It has put a penalty on popular information. It has cluttered and confused all public communication. It has handled the post office employes as nearly as possible as if they were helots, and has made for poor discipline and joyless work. Burlesonism is the heaviest load, domestically, that the National Administration has to carry, and Mr. Burleson is the Administration's chief practical politician. It is no surprise then to find

## REEDY'S MIRROR

that this gentleman's announced cut in long distance telephone rates is said by Mr. G. W. Cummins, telephone supervisor of the Chicago Department of Public Service, to call for a rate on the larger bulk of traffic at least twenty-five per cent higher than is now charged. The present rate from St. Louis to Chicago, \$1.70, will be, under the new rules, \$2.18. This is an example. Maybe Mr. Burleson could get away with this sort of thing in his early days in Texas, but he can't hang it on the people of the whole United States. He is doing yeoman service in the dispopularization of the public ownership idea.



#### *The City is Sewed Up*

ACCORDING to Missouri's Supreme Court—Don't laugh!—there's nothing to a contract between a public service corporation and the city of St. Louis. Nothing, that is, that the corporation is bound to respect. The city gives a street car franchise on a basis of five cent fares. The state, under its police power, through the Public Utilities Commission, can come in and authorize a higher fare, and the city that granted the franchise can do nothing about it. The higher fare probably is only fair in present conditions. That is not the point. The point is that the city granting rights in its streets cannot control the franchises so given. A franchise is only a contract in protecting what the corporation gets, not a contract conclusive as to what the city shall get in return. The city of St. Louis has no home rule over its own thoroughfares, the use of which it gives to the street railway corporation. A state commission takes control out of the city's hands. This is decidedly as it should not be. St. Louis should have authority over all its public utilities and it should have that control subject to the vote of the people of the city in a referendum. If we are to have a new constitution of Missouri it should contain provisions to make the city supreme over all the franchises it may grant in all their terms. St. Louis is too much governed and regulated in its purely local affairs from outside the city. It needs a great deal more of self-determination than is allowed it by the state constitution and the Supreme Court.



#### *Not Back to the Rope*

CIRCUIT ATTORNEY McDANIEL of St. Louis is circularizing the prosecuting attorneys throughout Missouri to enlist their co-operation in a movement to revive and restore the death penalty for murder, abolished by the last legislature. He says that life imprisonment is not enough of a deterrent of murder and he believes that three or four executions a year would be a good thing. Mr. McDaniel means well. But is life imprisonment less of a deterrent of murder than capital punishment was for all the years we had it since the state was organized? We had more than a plenty of murders then. Even gang murders were not unknown. I can remember worse murders in the days when we had capital punishment than any I have read of since the abolition. I do not think that Missouri will go back to the rope. All the real wisdom of the world today is against the *lex talionis*. Hanging is the worst use to which the state can put a man, even though that man be a murderer. The law is not for vengeance.



#### *Was Folk Stuffed Out?*

REPUBLICAN congressmen from Missouri propose to contest the results of elections in two or more congressional districts in this state, where the candidates of their party are supposed to have been defrauded of victory. The St. Louis *Star* says that's all right, but the whole election, throughout the state, should be investigated. The *Star* seems to think that something startling would be discovered concerning the vote for Prohibition and for the

Democratic candidate for United States Senator, Mr. Folk, returned as defeated. The *Star* would like to know if the votes for Mr. Folk and for Prohibition were really counted in the city of St. Louis or whether the totals were agreed upon by an understanding between the two parties in the city. Was Folk stuffed out of the United States senatorship? If the election is to be gone into at all, and if any number of people have real reason to believe that the ballot box crooks in one place defrauded Republicans and in another place defrauded Democrats, there is no possible excuse for not making the investigation of the election as comprehensive as possible. Missouri has suffered much in reputation through the long series of contested election cases and the frauds that have been revealed. Most of us had hoped there would be no more of this for a while at least. Still, if the Republicans want to open up the boxes, why not open up all of them? The last proved election fraud in St. Louis was the notorious and brazen counting out of the Democratic candidate for Public Administrator. Neither party comes clean in the matter of honest elections, and it must be confessed that it was all almost miraculous reversion of form for Democratic Missouri to lose the senatorship as it did last November. If both the big party machines in St. Louis worked the election machinery to prevent the counting of the vote for Mr. Folk or for Prohibition the people should know it. The facts can't hurt anybody but the election thieves, if there were any at work. Let us have the facts!



#### *Poetry as Advertising*

In this issue Mr. Addison Lewis presents the third of his "Advertisements to Posterity." It is an interesting experiment in poetry that he is making. His idea is that the form of the advertisement can be used to give an added effectiveness to poetry. This is the age of advertisement. That is the means by which commerce and trade are expanded. It has become the means whereby all good causes are advanced, as witness the extensive use of advertising in the sales of government bonds and in drawing forth money for the various works of benevolence in connection with the war. Everything can be advertised. Advertising has become an art partaking of the arts of literature and painting. The innumerable multiplied resources of the type case have enabled the presentation to the public in most attractive fashion of all sorts of things and ideas of use and beauty. This variety of type presented in artistic combinations is a universally accepted method of appeal to the public mind. The arrangement of the types, even without the use of "cuts," permits of almost limitless forms of emphasis and subtleties of shading in advertising expression. There are as many styles of advertising as there are of writing and painting, and each gives play to the individuality of the person preparing the advertisement. Not only have great selling campaigns been successfully conducted by advertising, but great political campaigns have been furthered by its use and support has been drawn to reform movements by the same means. Mr. Lewis conceives that advertising may be used to advance the cause of beauty. He means especially what is called display advertising, as distinct from the paid for article or reading notice. As the department store can tell in effective fashion what it has for sale, or a manufacturer can set forth the quality of his product, so, Mr. Lewis says, the poet can adapt to his purposes the multitudinous possibilities of the type-case. As poetry, in revolt from a tendency to formalism, tends to formlessness, as in free verse, Mr. Lewis thinks to present the possibilities of poetry in a new form. Not only the ideas and words, and even the punctuation marks shall have value in the effect, but the values may be given distinction and quality by the kinds of type used and by its arrangement in the set-up. It is Mr. Lewis' idea that poetry in the form in which it is usually printed is in itself a kind of what

printers call display. Its set-up is especially designed to distinguish it from prose. To set up poetry frankly in the form of advertising artistically composed in the printer's stick is doing no violence to the poetry if the form of the typesetting does no violence to the content of thought or imagination or emotion. Poetry has been set up before in the forms of things with which it was concerned. As good a poet as George Herbert has written poems in the forms of altars and crosses, as far back as the time of Villon poems were written in the shapes of animals or flagons or tables. Even the great Voltaire indulged himself in such ingenious exercises and a dozen or more years ago all our newspaper poets were writing verses about objects or creatures with the words so arranged typographically as to make in print a picture of the subject with which the verse had to do. Only last week I saw in the *Literary Digest*, a poem on the soldiers dead in Flanders, printed in the similitude of a cross. It was taken from the *New York Times*. That poem conformed in quite a simple way to the theory of the poem advertisement as Mr. Lewis tries to express it in type in the specimens he has contributed to the columns of THE MIRROR. Week before last his ad-poem or poem-ad was "A Portrait of a Soldier;" last week's example advertised a poet's "World for Sale," when the poet, being dead, shall have no more use for it; this week the subject is "Wheels" with all their poetical meanings. The reader who is interested in such an experiment can judge for himself the extent to which the young man from Minneapolis has succeeded in accomplishing his purpose. The experiment should have interest to a public that has long had delight in the verse of Walt Mason, printed as straight prose, though Mr. Lewis, unlike Walt of Emporia, eschews the use of rhyme. There is no doubt that as there is an art in printing it is permissible to use that art of presentation in heightening the effect of a poem. Just imagine the delight of reading an advertisement that turns out to be not a suggestion or invitation to purchase anything, but only a summoning of the spirit to communion with beauty or pity or passion or heroism. Here is a use of advertisement that is sanctified by its purpose.

(Continued on page 716)



## From Puget Sound

By Howard Mumford Jones

### FOG

THE wind with wrinkled fingers  
Patterns the water,  
And the slumbering, steel-gray water  
Stirs uneasily.

Across the wide bay  
The little steamers  
Hurry off secret, silent feet;  
The ferry boat crawls, a monstrous beetle,  
Over the slippery sea;  
And in the faint mist  
Fantastic skeletons above the shipyards  
Hang like carcasses  
Picked clean by giant birds.

Suddenly from the ocean—  
An army approaches,—  
An army with sunless banners  
And uniforms of grey.

Skirmishers seize the headlands  
And throw up breastworks among the trees;  
The opaque columns of infantry  
Cover the water;  
The artillery rumbles,  
And in the swirl and rush of battle,  
On furious chargers  
Out of the Pacific  
Ride the gray-haired horsemen of the sea.

### SEABECK

Over the gray-green channel  
Spotted with wandering islands of silver  
And furtive violet shoals,  
The misty mountain ranges,  
Gathering the clouds around them like garments,  
Contemplate the sea.

Surely they are manitous  
Talking together in the mist;  
The smoke of their many council-fires  
Drifts at evening over the water,  
And their scalp locks  
Are white with snow.

Or else they are Buddhas:  
Cross-legged upon the sea-shore, holding in their  
hands

The lily of many silences,  
They behold in the eternal flow of ocean  
The Many and the One;  
The sunlight upon the leaping waves  
Is as the flashing stream of worlds  
Flowing from the fecund breasts of Nothing  
Into Night,  
And beholding that it is so,  
They have peace.

I hear the solemn pine-trees  
Say they are gods;  
And that at midnight  
They walk abroad  
Trampling the black waters.  
The sea shudders before them,  
And in their hands they carry clumps of stars.

### DRIFTWOOD

Timbers like bleached bones,  
A white log,  
Tortured stumps of trees,  
A bizarre tangle of roots and waving sea-weed—  
These I behold from my window  
Lining the barren beaches  
Between the luminous sky and the lonely sea.

They are the agonies of the ancient water  
Made visible—  
Gigantic horrors,  
Unthinkable anguish,  
The birth-pangs of the companionless mother  
Travailing in dim green caverns  
With the burden of Aphrodite,  
The first-born of the sea....

Only out of pain  
Is beauty born.

### AT SUNSET

In the smelters of the west  
Gigantic laborers  
Toil with the sun, a pot of molten metal  
Swung from violet clouds,  
And overturning it,  
Spill rivers of smoking copper  
Over the startled sea.

The wake of the ferryboat glitters with flakes of  
fire,  
And a man in a blue overcoat  
(His face is black in a platter of gold!)  
Assures me that Seattle  
In the distance looks very pretty.

In the east the dwindling city  
Out of a streak of bronze along the shore  
Rises into the clouds.  
Fairy palaces with ruby windows  
Float over the headland.  
I see the silver walls of a fortress,  
Colonnades of marble

Where turbanned silk-merchants  
Sit cross-legged, puffing long pipes;  
Radiant airy domes like bubbles  
Span the cool gardens  
Wherein slim maidens in bright trousers  
Sip colored ices.

A golden minaret rises,  
A tall tower of ivory  
Lifts from palace walls of white and crimson—  
Eunuchs and viziers and favorites live there,  
And a sleepy sultan  
Nods on his green jade throne.

Now a wind ripples from the north,  
The radiance fades from the chilly sea,  
And the city of vision  
Dissolves in air.

### INFLUENCES

When I am dead  
Men will clatter much about "influences":  
This line, they will say, came from Swinburne,  
The idea here is like Arnold,  
And the salt, sweet savor of this is surely from  
Heine....

Today the silver water is a mirror,  
Reflecting the mountains of purple and brown,  
The blue-eyed sky,  
And the wandering clouds.  
A poppy glows at my feet,  
And I feel like Alfred Tennyson.

### NIGHT VISION

The pine-trees, streaming down the hillside,  
March like an army of ragged spears;  
The banner of the moon is tangled in their lances.

From the inlet, spattered with ivory,  
Comes the unforgettable, rotten smell of the sea.

A cool night wind,  
Swaying the madrona trees,  
Whispers ironical secrets  
To the ancient ocean,  
And out of the night in startled comment  
A sea-gull's wandering cry  
Rises in pain.

Under a cloud of cedar trees  
The cabin stands;  
The windows are panes of golden radiance,  
And in the doorway, cut from the warm, soft glare,  
Is the silhouette of a woman.

The romantic poets are out-of-date,  
But I feel incurably romantic,  
And the woman,  
Peering into the scented darkness  
And calling my name,  
Is romantic also.

Presently we go forth, we two,  
Beside the moonlit sea.  
The blue-black waves of the bay  
Slide and shiver with ivory;  
A light burns like a coal across the flat, mysterious  
channel,

And the cool night wind,  
Brushing our cheeks with the savor of sea-weed,  
(O hopeless, incurable wind!)  
Whispers to the wrinkled sea  
How poets with raven locks and flowing neck-ties  
Are out-of-date,  
How fisher-maidens are out-of-date also,  
And moonlight and kisses, the sea and the world,  
And love.

But we, unheeding,  
Wander hand in hand

## REEDY'S MIRROR

A green alley above the sea,  
Gazing at the antiquated waters,  
And dreaming of love.  
And turning among the pine-trees,  
We stand on the threshold  
Of a hall with silver columns.  
The floor is marbled by the moon,  
And suddenly we cling together,  
For in that ancient hallway  
Naked nymphs are dancing—  
Their white limbs glimmer among the cedars!  
The wind has left his tittering with the sea  
To harp upon the pines,  
And presently  
An old man like a dwarf with shaggy legs  
Is seated amid the dancers.  
He blows a Pan-pipe.  
Little horns spring from his kindly forehead,  
And the music maddens the dancers.  
The cedar trees tremble with the music,  
The moonlight trembles,  
And above the wrinkled ocean  
Two lovers tremble with love.

### TIDES

This morning the cool, clean bay,  
Radiant with sunlight, white with water,  
Was as the blue-veined flesh of a woman  
Froud of her loveliness,  
A great queen with snowy breasts.  
But the retreating tide  
Ironically  
Has bared the shameless secrets of the sea,  
And the bay is an ancient slattern,  
Toothless, infamoüs, ugly,  
Spewing dirty water  
From withered gums.  
The long bridge crawls on insect feet  
Over her dirty body,  
And crows calling obscenely,  
Peck at her wrinkled sides.

At evening, however,  
She will shimmer again with beauty,  
Golden and glorious as the clouds.

Always under the flesh, the skeleton;  
Always out of mortality, life.

### IN HOOD'S CANAL

Over the smoky water  
The lilac mountains, flat and mysterious,  
Rise into the evening sky.

Their tops are shoals and purple islands  
In the luminous ocean of air;  
The laboring galley of the sun  
Has stranded among them.

The crew of the sun,  
Beholding how they are caught on the purple moun-  
tains,  
Hurry to lighten the ship.  
Over the vessel's golden sides  
They hurl into the water  
Caskets of flame-colored jewels  
Till the waves flash with them;  
Also robes of crimson,  
Yellow silks from China,  
Barrels of perfumed rose-leaves  
And casks of yellow wine;  
And hoisting on their rose-wood masts  
Gigantic sails of purple and crimson  
They move slowly  
Into a lemon sky.

I hear the wild songs of those distant sailors  
Float in the evening wind—  
The canvas, up the enormous masts,  
Mounts like flame,

And in the depths of heaven  
The evening star,  
A lighthouse of silver,  
Burns in a pale green sea.



## CAN GRANDE'S CASTLE

By John L. Hervey

**T**HE comedy of criticism continues always according to canon. If tradition be violated, it is by accident, in the spirit of levity, or that of iconoclasm. Therefore, it is not surprising that Miss Amy Lowell, who has in the past few years published several volumes upon which the verbiage of the encomiasts has been exhausted, having presented us with another worth all its predecessors combined, it immediately becomes the target for hostile fusillades. Which, I repeat, is strictly according to the critical canon and eminently respectful of tradition.

I have read all Miss Lowell's books, and they have produced in my breast very mixed feelings. They expose a talent clever, curious and inquisitive, always restlessly unquiet, often (if I may be permitted the term) fidgety, and given at the same time to affectation, attitude and the *effeuilleuse*. She has preoccupied herself with virtuosity, its schools and isms, and has gone hurrying and flurrying about seeking them out and exploiting them with an unflagging enthusiasm and infectiousness. As, I think, I may previously have remarked, there has been considerable of the *article de Paris* in her productions. They have resembled cunning and complicated little pieces of *bijouterie* such as a *curioso* loves to have scattered about him in studiedly disordered order. Things of queer shapes and quaint devices, of glittering surfaces and brittle textures, gay with color and of an exotic twist intriguing to the aesthete. Occasionally something in the jumble arrests the serious eye, something amidst all this *facture* apparently intrinsic, something really "worth while," but so seldom as not to detain us long.

Where there is so much artfulness the precise amount of art is always questionable. And this condition Miss Lowell has somewhat unfortunately forwarded by a habit of writing prefaces and signing manifestoes—of persisting to tell us why, and how, the wheels go 'round. Who but a machinist—a person with soiled garments and with greasy hands—cares how or why the wheels go 'round? Surely, no one! All that we ask of a wheel is that it should go—around: smoothly, swiftly, easily, and that it bear its particular chariot over the course with the least possible jolting of the occupant, or visible eccentricity to the spectator of its flight.

It is difficult to curb anything that has become a habit, especially if it be a literary habit. And Miss Lowell has not sufficient control over hers to have escaped the perpetration of another of those prefaces in the case of "Can Grande's Castle." Perhaps as a child she may have stood and gazed open-mouthed as the procession of biblical figures emerged from the little doors in the Strasburg clock and wondered how they did it? And, perhaps, resolved that if she ever constructed a similarly mystifying mechanism, the amazed spectator should be spared brain-racking queries. But "Can Grande's Castle" is something more than a mechanism, something even more marvelous than the Strasburg clock. And she might have saved us the prolegomena.

I will not say that the book is devoid of the author's customary artfulness. That would be incorrect. But—and it is much more important—despite it she has managed to produce an authentic work of art, deserving to "stand alone," disengaged of any mechanistic *apologia*. Her preface only serves—at least to me—to lessen the effect of what it is intended to accentuate. It comes between the read-

er and what she offers him with something of the distracting obtrusiveness of the prompter's box at the opera, except that the opera apparently cannot proceed without the prompter, while "Can Grande's Castle" can very well dispense with one, to the vast increase of the reader's pleasure.

Frankly, it does not intensify the artistic values of "polyphonic prose," or the appreciation thereof, to Poe-like hold an open clinic on its *rationale*. All readers of poetry have been moved—if they are capable of being moved—by "The Raven," but none of them ever was by Poe's exposition of the secrets of its composition. All that has ever done has been, in varying degrees, to break the poem's spell. Similarly, if you would truly enjoy "Can Grande's Castle," and yield yourself to its spell, exercise your continence by ignoring the preface before you occupy your attention with the opuscule itself. If you insist upon being disenchanted, upon being let into the secret of the formula, the trick, at least let that come afterward!

A discussion has been raging—I believe that is the accepted term; and certainly the critics can rage when such a morsel is tossed them—ever since Miss Lowell came forward to exploit it, regarding "polyphonic prose." That is, whether it is or is not prose or poetry. Mr. Braithwaite, by including "Guns as Keys" in two of his anthologies, has declared it to be poetry. While a learned professor (or so I have been informed) has tested it by a delicate apparatus and pronounced it to be prose. Now, it is a terrible thing to contradict a professor, especially a professor equipped with a patent rhythm-machine—much more terrible than it is to contradict even Mr. Braithwaite, who is not a professor but a critic, and has no rhythm-machine except his ear, his intuitions and his tastes, things not necessarily infallible, as of course the professor's apparatus must be. I feel constrained, therefore, to abide by the professor's decision and to consider "Can Grande" as prose. But it is prose that only a poet could have written, for it is compact of the materials of poetry, selected and assembled by a poet's eye and hand.

I will permit myself only a word more regarding "polyphonic prose." It is another of those literary *articles de Paris* for which Miss Lowell has, apparently, incurable predilection. There is opportunity for an entertaining essay upon the possibility of polyphony in prose, especially if you happen to have from long habit been a lover of both and analyst of their structures; but I will content myself with saying that so far as such an art-form is concerned, none of the modern Parisians to whom Miss Lowell expresses her indebtedness, despite their recipes and formulas, has created such prose polyphonies as, for instance, did Victor Hugo without malice prepense. If something of the possibilities of the polyphony of prose would be apprehended—their comprehension is another matter—the reader might profitably consult certain pages, say, of "Notre Dame de Paris," where he will find a complex of sonorities magnificent and indescribable, and not compounded from a formula.

It is a part of the modern publisher's business to provide catch-words for the critics. Miss Lowell's have not failed to do so in the present instance. They have designated the four pieces that make up "Can Grande's Castle," epics—and the critics, with that perceptive originality for which they are pre-eminent, have taken up the term and repeated it again and again. Meanwhile, here is little or no epic quality in the book. Miss Lowell is intensely feminine, and by that token lacks both the temperament and the talent for the epic. She has conspicuous skill in narrative—but narrative is not epic, though epic may be narrative. One of the distinguishing features of her "method" is that so-intrinsically feminine tendency of making great things small, of reducing the monumental to the miniature. As her critics

have not failed to point out, it is a habit with her to liken something large to something little, something momentous to something petty, something sublime to something ridiculous. The soul of the epic is to proceed always by the diametric reverse and to make of mortals, gods, and of this world, infinity. If you love the epic, the very evocation of the word opens your ear to harken for some great "surge and thunder," some "melancholy, long withdrawing roar." There is, of course, nothing of this in "Can Grande's Castle." Its critics have, again, pointed out with unanimity that Miss Lowell's manner in writing it resembles the *pointillisme* of modern painting—a point perhaps not badly taken. And as epics are not composed of dots and dashes, of an infinitude of minute, broken particles whose glitter, glitter, glitter confuses and confounds the eye until it does nothing but swim, dazzled, in the "medium," so the ceaseless heaping up of detail and epithet which distinguishes Miss Lowell's style would in itself be sufficient to paralyze anything epic that might have lurked in her intention.

"Can Grande's Castle," however, will not suffer if we dispense with any epic claims therefore. The four pieces which it includes are poetic evocations of the past finely imagined and, in the *genre* which the author has chosen for their bodying forth, triumphantly brought off. They are of varying merit, but none of them is negligible. Strictly speaking, the most successful is "Hedge Island," because subject, treatment and spirit are in it most perfectly fused for the production of a true tonality and the achievement of a rounded and complete effect. The reader might, after "Hedge Island," go back to De Quincey's "English Mail Coach," one of the "Opium Eater's" most characteristic efforts in that "impassioned prose" of which he was such a master, and contrast it with Miss Lowell's "polyphonic" prose-poem. I do not think I can better express my appreciation of the latter than to say that it will hold its own. Perhaps the comparative brevity of "Hedge Island" heightens its interest and enhances its effect. Yet the most ambitious, and much the longest piece of the tetralogy, "The Bronze Horses," justifies itself by overshadowing all the others. It contains superb passages, brilliantly conceived and executed, its poetry, *qua* poetry, surpasses that of any of its companion pieces and its totality is superior to its striking passage-work. It is a genuine *tour-de-force*, not a mere *coup-du-theatre*. Something of the grandeur and the glamour of her theme has communicated itself to the artist as she has worked in it, and instead of "subduing her hand" it has given it a greater strength and power, a higher skill, a finer stroke. There are flaws, caused rather by defects of taste than of touch. It is a regret that they were not eliminated, for they serve no purpose. The anachronisms are few and immaterial. Obviously, Miss Lowell "got up" her materials with the most conscientious care and this being so, she has been able to dispense with "poetic license" to a large degree.

"Can Grande's Castle" is a book to read and re-read, a book to possess and to enjoy, to welcome and to preserve as a rare creation. It is something other than its author has accustomed us to expect, an *objet d'art* or cabinet of *bricquabracquerie*. It is a series of sustained compositions, charged with imaginative power, gorgeous color, vivid passion, old romance, sonorous and subtle rhythms, brilliance of effect, atmospheric nuance and historic vision. It is very nearly as perfect as such a thing can be, and perhaps more so than we have the right to expect. It belongs on the same shelf with a select few books which may differ from it strikingly, yet have much in common with it and are, alas, among the rarities, as they are among the luxuries, of literature, books which only artists could have written, which artists only can appreciate to the full, but which every lover of art and literature must remember and admire.

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*Watching a tractor clawing its ponderous course across a field dragging plows—*

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*"Wheels" said I, making a silly joke, "in the head?"*

*He had not heard me—his arms described a vague circle:*

"Wheels... everywhere... wheels covered with rubber scorching the highways... wheels on rails racing from land's end to hell's beginning... wheels in the air buzzing among the birds... wheels, a million million of them on engines and thingumbobs turning out goods from cloth to cheese... wheels slaving to the tune of lightning, steam and human grunt—

## WHEELS

*"Wheels—  
"Without 'em—*

*"Look out," he cried of a sudden, and jerked me into the roadside sumac. "That roadster's front wheel just grazed you."*

*"Must be going near a mile a minute!"*

*"Yes," agreed the old man, "near a mile a minute towards the next century..."*

## WHEELS!

By Addison Lewis

### Rhyme in the Classics

*Editor of Reedy's Mirror:*

Why all that fuss about the "discovery" of rhyme in Latin and Greek poetry? That the Greek and Latin poets employed rhyme has been known and written about for years and years. An obscure American poet named Edgar Allan Poe, who discovered other things now being discovered, in his essay on "The Rationale of Verse" and also in his "Marginalia" has something interesting to say on the subject, incidentally stating that there is no rhyme in Hebrew verse.

The following is from an article by Frank Ritchie in *Longman's Magazine* for December, 1900, beginning on page 114:

"Rhyme was not, of course, employed systematically in classical Latin, though Goldsmith remarks that 'the ancients did not reject it as a blemish.' Milton, indeed, says that 'The jingling sound of like endings was a fault avoided by the learned ancients.' \* \* \* but he can hardly have intended his remark to apply to the correspondence of the final syllables of the two halves of a Latin pentameter, as in:

*"Diriget in medio quis mea vela freto?"*

"In 1200 lines of Ovid, taken at random, such rhymes occur once in every five couplets, while in Propertius the average is even higher. The constant recurrence of similar sounds in the terminations of Latin verbs and nouns must have, almost inevitably, suggested rhyme, and although it never entirely superseded the older metrical forms, rhyming Latin verse was in use from the end of the fourth century.

"Rhyme, borrowed from the Latin, makes its first appearance in English verse about the time of the Conquest, but it does not seem to have been adopted as a regular system till the thirteenth century."

The best known of the comparatively few examples of

rhyme in Greek tragedy are found in the drunken speech of Heracles in lines 782-786 of "The Alcestis" of Euripides. There is an interesting chapter entitled, "Rhyme and Reason in the Dialogue of Attic Tragedy" in a book called "The Bacchants of Euripides and Other Essays," by A. W. Verrall, published by the Cambridge university press, 1910. Dr. Verrall points out that Greek, being a highly inflected language, was structurally hardly capable of rhyme as "a harmonious decoration and pleasing method of emphasis," since the metrical stress would be largely based upon the terminal grammatical inflections, and direct attention to them. He says:

"In Greek the effect was necessarily uncouth, and rhyme, therefore, generally speaking, was of service only to the artist in the grotesque. To him it was invaluable. Aristophanes revels in it, and gets from it many of his broadest effects. Such for example is the description in the Acharnians of the clamor and bustle over the despatch of a naval expedition."

Dr. Verrall calls attention to the fact that the rhymed lines in "The Alcestis" are distinctly comic, and further declares that when rhymes or assonances are used elsewhere in the Greek tragedies, they are always associated with harshness or violence of feeling, and are never employed as elements of melody and beauty.

I suppose everyone who has ever been interested in Horace has noted the many rhymes in the first ode of the first book. My own notion has always been that Horace experimented with rhyme, but rejected it, perhaps as being unsuited to the spirit of the language.

Yours truly,

ARTHUR GUITERMAN.

333 East 17 street, New York.  
December 18, 1918.

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### Reflections

By William Marion Reedy

(Continued from page 713.)

#### Mr. Bryan Is There

COMES upon the stage of international affairs briefly but in a glorifying light Mr. William Jennings Bryan, erstwhile Secretary of State of the United States. A word or two of his former chief brings him on the scene. The President said that if the things that brought on the world war in 1914 had been discussed for a week the conflict would have been unlikely, and if they had been discussed for a year it would have been impossible. The war came in a flash because Count Berchtold would not discuss its alleged causes at all. What! said he to Lord Gray, you want us to submit to an areopagus! It is an insult. Now when the war was on and we were drifting into it Mr. Bryan was very busy formulating arbitration treaties between this and other countries providing for just this year-long discussion of differences before either party should have recourse to arms. A number of such treaties were signed up with us, one by Great Britain, Germany refused Mr. Bryan's suggestions, almost

contemptuously spurned his evangelical approaches. Now, doubtless, those who were then in control of Germany wish they had signed Mr. Bryan's treaty, for if they had, the United States would not have got into the war on the side of the Allies and Germany had not been overthrown. A great many of us here at home laughed at Mr. Bryan's treaties, especially when he resigned from the premiership because he had thereof nothing but the title and the salary. But now the President, who insisted upon being his own premier—as, by the way, most of our best presidents have insisted on being in every crisis—in a brief talk in Paris summons to our memory the principle upon which Mr. Bryan was working for universal peace and confirms its validity. Curiously enough the President seems to have done this inadvertently, for he hastens to assure us that there's nothing like the Bryan method involved in the Wilsonian peace programme. For a few hours we held our breath in anticipation of a dramatic, not to say spectacular, vindication of Mr. Bryan's much-derided impracticality before the whole world. But it was not to be. Still it must be some consolation to the man from Nebraska to reflect that for a brief instant in the very heart of



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the glory raying from Woodrow Wilson, that world personality must have had in his mind the thought of the man who was most instrumental in giving him to magnificent destiny and spoke it unconsciously somewhat as Falstaff in his passing "babble o' green fields." Mr. Bryan is at Paris, though not in the flesh and uninvited. He must reflect not unpleasantly, like the philosopher he is, on all he is in the careers of men whose "fame has filled the seven climes," for what would Roosevelt have been but for the fact that he caught Bryan in swimming and walked off with his clothes, and who would have been giving the law of peace to a war-worn world if Bryan had not stood out at Baltimore in 1912 against the principalities and powers of privilege for the nomination of Woodrow Wilson of New Jersey? Who but the man who lectured uninterruptedly over the Chautauqua circuit upon the Prince of Peace,

is responsible for the fact that Wilson is now the President of Peace? To appropriate the idea in the last line of Mr. Edward Arlington Robinson's recent fine poem on John Brown's farewell to his wife at Harper's Ferry, what a vast deal has Mr. Bryan to say now that he is politically dead!



#### Our Improvement Programme

ST. LOUIS' plans for public improvements in the amount of at least \$22,000,000 will probably materialize to a greater extent than plans upon so large a scale usually do, if the citizens will vote the necessary bonds. The mayor's committee of citizens in charge of the proposed bond issue has listed about everything the city needs and is now proceeding to eliminate everything that cannot be done within a reasonable limit of expenditure. Each member of the committee naturally has his favorite project of improvement, but none

them is standing out for his special predilection regardless of the proposals of other work by other committeemen. The rejection of the claims of the different recommendations proceeds upon the principle of providing first for those improvements most patently for the benefit of the city as a whole before considering those which would be more sectional in their good effect. Whatever works are undertaken will be provided for in their entirety. Nothing will be inaugurated for partial completion. After the larger items in the programme have been determined upon, the less important needs of the city will be taken care of. A wise decision it is that determines upon centering the prime effort upon the working out of improvements long ago planned for and reduced to estimates but never begun for lack of funds. After that, other proposals will be taken up in the order of preference indicated by the sub-committees that recommend them, if funds permit. The committee as a whole seems to be in no need of editorial advice as to what works should come first. No one questions that among these should be the control and covering of the River des Peres, that rill which becomes a torrent in a twinkling and gives off ever an effluvium which must make a doughboy remember the poison gas in Flanders. After that should come the abolition of railroad crossings at grade. We should have more parks before we have a bigger jail. The former will to a certain extent do away with the necessity for the latter. And then we should have the municipal farm and the industrial school. The city should not be afraid of taking on more indebtedness. The improvements will increase values to an extent sufficient to yield more than enough in taxes to pay for them. The city needs all the improvements proposed and more. The making of them will provide employment for thousands. The increased tax will not be heavy enough on anyone to be really burdensome. I am for bond issues galore for work that is needed and well done, because the more money there is well spent in such work, the more will the incidence of such taxation come upon the chief beneficiaries of improvements—the landlords. As for other folk, we needn't worry about their not paying the taxes. They all pay in rent and in the price for everything they eat and wear.

♦♦♦

## Great Pianists Tell How

By Ernest R. Kroeger

Many who have succeeded in various walks of life have a strong desire to advise how to do likewise. Some have the gift of telling how they did it; others only darken counsel with wordiness and conceit. There is piano playing for example. Apparently it is not such a difficult matter to accomplish the mastery of the white and black keys which make up the keyboard. Many things seem more intricate. Thousands of students begin blithely to practice the piano. They are pretty sure of obtaining some results. But out of this great number, how many genuinely suc-

ceed? How many are there who really have the ability to hold the attention of an intelligent public throughout a recital? Comparatively few. And how many of these obtain a world wide reputation? They may be counted on the ten fingers twice over. And of these, how many are "drawing cards?" Less than may be counted on the ten fingers: perhaps five.

Of the prominent modern pianists, Mr. J. Francis Cooke, the well-known editor of the *Etude*, and author of an excellent Musical History, has interviewed twenty-seven, and has published their views in a book entitled "Great Pianists on Piano Playing." It is interesting to note their nationalities. Seven were born in Russia; four in Germany; three each in Poland and England; two each in Spain, Australia and the United States; one each in Austria, Italy, Hungary, Switzerland and Venezuela. And after reading what each says, one comes to the conclusion that the secret of success is as undiscoverable as ever. Their views are often most conflicting.

Take for instance two, printed one immediately after the other: Wilhelm Bachaus and Harold Bauer. Bachaus says: "I practice scales in preference to all other forms of technical exercises. \* \* \* Add to this arpeggios and Bach, and you have the basis upon which my technical work stands." Bauer says: "The only technical study of any kind I have ever done has been that technic which has had an immediate relation to

the musical message of the piece I have been studying. In other words, I have never studied technic independently of music." Rachmaninoff says: "In the music schools of Russia great stress is laid upon technic. \* \* \* The mere ability to play a few piano pieces does not constitute musical proficiency. \* \* \* The student's technical grasp should be all-embracing." Pachmann says: "I abominate machine teaching. \* \* \* It seems so brutal, so inartistic. Instead of leading the pupil to seek results for himself, they lay down laws and see that those laws are obeyed. It is possible, of course, by means of systematic training, to educate a boy so that he could play a concerto which he could not comprehend intelligently until he became at least twenty years older; but please tell, what is the use of such training? Is it artistic? Is it musical? Would it not be better to train him to play a piece which he could comprehend and which he could express in his own way?"

In regard to "methods" (that pet word of so many American teachers and students), Madam Bloomfield-Zeisler says: "We hear a great deal these days about the 'Leschetizky method.' During the five years I was with Leschetizky, he made it very plain that he had no fixed method in the ordinary sense of the word." Ernest Hutcheson says: "Leschetizky has been called the greatest piano teacher of the nineteenth century, and that is no exaggeration. He was great because he was always practical. He indicated certain methods for help

in establishing the main principles of elementary technic, but beyond that he was above methods." Reisenauer says of Liszt: "You ask me whether he had a certain method. I reply, he abhorred methods in the modern sense of the term. His work was eclectic in the highest sense."

Probably the reader will learn more about the manner of achieving results upon the piano, from the articles of Gabrilowitsch and Godowsky than from any of the others. Gabrilowitsch states: "The whole study of touch may be resolved into two means of administering force to the keyboard, i. e., weight and muscular activity. The amount of pressure brought to bear upon the keys depends upon the amount of arm weight and upon the quickness with which the muscles of the hand, forearm, full-arm, and back permit the key to be struck. Upon these two means of administering force must depend whatever differentiation in dynamic power and tonal quality the player desires to produce. The various gradations of tone which the virtuoso's hand and arm are trained to execute are so minute that it is impossible for me to conceive of a scientific instrument or scale to measure them. Physiologists have attempted to construct instruments to do this, but little of value has come from such experiments. Only a comparatively few years ago thousands of teachers were insisting upon having their pupils keep the arms in a still, even rigid, condition during practice. This naturally resulted in the stiffest imagin-

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able kind of a touch, and likewise in a mechanical style of playing that made what has come to be known in later days as 'tone color' impossible. At this day the finger touch, as it was formerly known, has almost gone out of existence. By finger touch I refer to the old custom of holding the hand and forearm almost rigid and depending upon the muscular strength of the fingers for all tonal effects. In fact, I so rarely employ the finger touch, except in combination with the arm touch, that it is almost an insignificant factor as far as my own playing is concerned. By this the reader must not think that the train-

ing of the fingers, and particularly the finger tips, is to be neglected. But this training, to my mind, is not so much a matter of acquiring digital strength to produce force as to accustom the fingers to strike the notes with the greatest possible accuracy and speed. This belongs rather to the realm of technic than to that of touch, and behind all technic is the intellect of the player. Technic is a matter of training the finger tips to attack and leave the keys under the absolute discipline of the brain. Touch has a much broader and wider significance. It is touch that reveals the soul of the player."

Godowsky writes as follows: "The art of piano playing as a whole seems to divide itself into three quite distinct channels when it is considered from the educational standpoint. The first channel is that of mechanics. This would naturally include all that pertains to that branch of piano study which has to do with the exercises that develop the hand from the machine standpoint—that is, make it capable of playing with the greatest possible rapidity, the greatest possible power, when power is needed, and also provide it with the ability to play those passages which, because of fingering or unusual arrangement of the

piano keys, are particularly difficult to perform. In the second channel we find the study of the technic of the art of playing the instrument. Technic differs from the mechanics of piano playing in that it has properly to do with the intellectual phase of the subject rather than the physical. It is the brain side of the study not the digital or the manual. To the average student who is short-sighted enough to spend hours hammering away at the keyboard developing the mechanical side of his work, a real conscious knowledge of the great saving he could afford through technic would be a godsend. Technic properly has to do with rhythm, tempo, accent, phrasing, dynamics, agogics, touch, etc. However, not until man invents a living soul, can piano playing by machine include the third and vastly important channel through which we communicate the works of the masters to those who hear them. That channel is the emotional or artistic phase of piano playing. It is the channel which the student must expect to develop largely through his own inborn artistic sense and his cultivated powers of observation of the playing of master pianists. It is the sacred fire communicated from one art generation to the next and modified by the individual emotions of the performer himself. Even though the performer may possess the most highly perfected mechanism, technical mastery which enables him to play great masterpieces effectively, if he does not possess the emotional insight, his performances will lack a peculiar subtlety and artistic power that will deprive him of becoming a truly great pianist."

What Paderewski says is to the point: "The need for technic must, nevertheless, not be underrated. Technic demands patient, painstaking, persistent study. Art without technic is invertebrate, shapeless, characterless. You ask me whether the Poles, for instance, are a musical people. I can only say that one constantly meets in Poland young men and women with the most exceptional talent—but what is talent without serious, earnest study, leading to artistic and technical perfection?"

When the reader has carefully digested the important articles in this book (for some of them are really of little or no importance) he comes to certain conclusions. Differ as some authorities may, he still realizes that a technical foundation is absolutely indispensable. Also he understands that technic is the result of years of the most incessant practice, dominated by unusual intelligence. He also believes that there are certain fundamental laws of style which are essential. These are phrasing, color, attention to dynamics, pedaling. He also learns that musicianship is a matter of great importance. He cannot overlook that. Then there is a proper comprehension of musical history in its real perspective, whereby compositions of one period will not be rendered in the same manner as those of another period. He is impressed by the fact that great individualities like Bach, Beethoven, Brahms, Schumann, Chopin, Liszt, Debussy need different methods of performance. And then after all, he decides that a pianist of the

first rank must have a musical gift from God. This is indefinable. He may call it "personality," "individuality," "magnetism," yet none of these terms exactly hits the mark. "Genius" may be the most apt term, and yet that word is too general. At all events, Deity has conferred upon a few a wonderful power to convey a musical message to the world. Sometimes it comes through composition, sometimes through conducting, sometimes by means of the piano, organ or violin, and sometimes through the voice.

♦♦♦

### Coming Shows

The New Year's week bill at the American Theater will be Lou Tellegen in his latest success, "Blind Youth," which he wrote in collaboration with Willard Mack. Mr. Tellegen is ranked by many critics among the most brilliant young actors on the American stage. He first attracted attention as leading man with Sarah Bernhardt, but at the conclusion of her tour decided to stay in the United States and since that time has appeared in numerous successes. "Blind Youth" is a rather lurid play of Paris and New York life, ably interpreted by Jennie Eustace, Constance Molineaux, Maria Noralina, Nan de Voe, Mark Smith, Ralph Locke, Sidney Riggs, and John Holland.

♦

"An American Ace," Lincoln Carter's big patriotic melodrama, has been adapted for vaudeville by Taylor Granville and will be the headliner at the Orpheum next week, with Mr. Granville and Laura Pierpont starring. Another attraction will be Chilson-Ohrman, young American prima donna, whom Jean de Reszke has called one of the world's greatest singers. Other numbers will be Brendel and Bert in a song absurdity called "Waiting for Her;" Thomas F. Swift and Mary H. Kelley in an offering of \$3,000 (stage money); Lou Holtz in "Father Joy's Boy;" the Amoras Sisters, versatile song and dance artists; the Musical Pattys in "Moments Musical," a novelty musical act; and pictures of the latest events "over there."

♦

Patrons of the Shubert-Jefferson New Year's week will glimpse the home life of a multi-millionaire and the cabaret atmosphere of San Francisco, visit an opium joint in Shanghai, live on a pinery in Honolulu and then travel back to New York to the home of wealth. These are five episodes in the melodrama known as "The Man Who Came Back," based on John Fleming Wilson's story of that name, which ran fifty-seven weeks in New York and twenty-three in Chicago. Many members of the original cast will appear here, including Henry Hull, old time Players Company favorite, who originated the title role.

♦

Another New York-Chicago success, "Leave it to Jane," will be produced at the Shubert-Garrick. This smart musical comedy is founded on George Ade's "College Widow," which it follows closely, preserving the college atmosphere and the spirit of youth and merry-making. The book and lyrics are by Guy Bolton and P. G. Wodehouse and the music by Jerome Kern.

♦

Galli-Curci will open the regular concert season in St. Louis with a song recital at the Odeon, Saturday evening, January 4. The season has been late in starting and this should be a welcome announcement to genuine music lovers, particularly to those who read the appreciation of her in the Mirror last March. She comes to St. Louis after six weeks with the Chicago Opera Association; she will concertize for a couple of months and then rejoin the Chicago opera forces for the New York and Philadelphia seasons.

♦

The New Year's eve celebration at Cafe National, Ninth and Olive streets, will continue all night. Table d'hôte dinner service begins at six p. m. at two dollars a plate; tables reserved for families. The entertainment will include music, dancing, cabaret.

♦

The American Hotel Annex is making extensive preparations for the entertainment of its guests on New Year's eve. The banquet hall is to be beautifully decorated, the menu of unusual gustatory excellence, the floor rubbed to a dazzling polish, and music to satisfy the most exacting dancers will be provided. Patrons familiar with the American-Annex dining room service and the extraordinarily good quality of the viands served have been sending in early reservations, so that a good crowd is already assured. Dinner will begin at nine o'clock (\$2.50 per plate) and dancing will begin at ten. Reservations should be telephoned to Olive 5300.

♦♦♦

"Why is Wombat hustling so strenuously? I thought he retired with enough to live on." "It looked like enough to live on—ten years ago." —  
Judge.

### With the Bolsheviks

By R. Reynolds Ball

I have been two years in Russia, engaged in relief work. I have been in Samara, in Moscow, on the western frontier, in Astrakhan and the Caucasus, and quite recently in Petrograd. From time to time I have been in relation with Bolshevik commissars, and have found them well-disposed, and men, as a rule, with a sense of their responsibility. I was struck by the fact that those in responsible positions in Russia are mostly young men.

On the western frontier, which I visited at the end of May, the government was making use of an existing organization, the "Union of Towns," for the relief of refugees. Thirteen thousand people were being fed at Orsha, and arrangements were being made for the supply of foodstuffs along the whole western frontier from other parts of Russia. Whether these arrangements have been prejudicially affected by the Allied occupation I cannot say.

In Astrakhan the relief is being carried out directly by commissars and committees working under a state department. I visited, in September, the commissar in charge of Armenian affairs, who is also commissar (minister) of the interior in the republic of Astrakhan. Six million roubles had been assigned by the central department in Moscow for the relief of refugees in Astrakhan and the Caucasus. A commissioner had been sent into the Caucasus to link up existing relief committees with the state department. A sign that the department was bent on practical measures of relief was the fact that they were sending 30,000 yards of cloth into the Caucasus for the Armenian refugees. By the way, I might mention that an Englishman working under the Bolshevik relief department traveled with several comrades of the Red Guard on a journey of more than a week's duration in a goods wagon bringing the cloth from Petrograd to Astrakhan.

On my return to England, I find that there is a great discrepancy between what my countrymen expect to hear about Russia and what I can tell them. Where one is expected to describe scenes of bloodshed and riot in the streets of Moscow and Petrograd I saw no scenes of violence or disorder. The extreme shortage of food makes this somewhat remarkable. I should perhaps qualify the above statement by saying that there was one disturbance while I was in Moscow (I was there from the beginning of May to the middle of July), a disturbance occasioned by the murder of Count Mirbach by the Social Revolutionaries, which was promptly suppressed by the Bolshevik government.

As to personal safety, I can only say that it was possible to travel unmolested from Moscow to the southern limit of the Caucasus through Bolshevik territory. It is true that on my arrival at Vladikavkaz (August 18th), two days after the Bolsheviks had captured it from the Cossacks, there was looting by Ingush tribesmen, but by the third day it was put down by the Bolshevik

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administration. On the other hand, the only occasion when I was molested was on my return journey through a village belonging to our Allies, the Cossacks, where some mountain tribesmen, allies of our Allies, were engaged in dragging a woman out of the village to shoot her.

It may be urged that the preservation of public order signifies nothing more than the acquiescence in a reign of terror by a frightened population. In that case one would expect to find signs of a repressive police or unpopular martial law.

Since the first revolution there has been no police force; its functions have now fallen to the Red Guard. A little less than a year ago the Red Guard was a body containing heterogeneous and irresponsible elements. These are no longer conspicuous. The committee system, which arose in an army which did not trust its officers, has gone, and officers promoted from the ranks have full authority and maintain discipline. In fact, the experiment of creating a disciplined army without offending the Socialist temper of the soldier seems to have succeeded.

The difference between the Red Guards of nine months ago and those of today is very noticeable in their bearing. They now have the air of men confident in themselves and their cause, who are conscious that they share the faith and aspirations of the masses. The Red Army, which is directed by the commissar for war in Moscow, is said to be a million strong. Nine months ago a few thousand men could with difficulty be scraped together from the highways.

It may be supposed that order both in the army and in the towns exists only in certain special parts of Russia. But the truth—not always known in England—is that from the western frontier to beyond the Volga, that is to say, over the greater part of Russia, there is a federation of republics and a uniform structure of government. In the cases of Astrakhan and Saratov, the limits of the two republics seemed to correspond with those of the old governments of those names. In each there is a central Soviet, while in every town and village there is a smaller Soviet. The professional classes, teachers, doctors, chemists, etc., are represented by their Souz or trade union.

The confidence of the population in the stability of the government is greater than it was earlier in the year.

Contrary to the expectations, not only of its opponents, but also of many of its supporters, it has survived the treaty of Brest-Litovsk, the signing of which has actually increased Lenin's prestige in Russia. The Czecho-Slovaks, who were carrying all before them in the spring, have retreated from the Volga into Siberia, and Lenin's popularity has greatly increased since the attempt to assassinate him.

There has lately been something like a cult of Lenin.

The failure of all plots, of which there have been plenty, to overturn the government, combined with the weakness of the Social Revolutionaries, has made it clear to the Russians, even if

it is not yet clear to us, that there is, at present, at least, no alternative party.

Gorky has recognized this, and has joined the government. Early in October he called a mass meeting in Petrograd in which he appealed to the Intellectuals to join forces with the Bolsheviks. The meeting had a great success. In view of the facts of the situation it is difficult to believe that anything short of intervention by foreign armies, which would involve the occupation and garrisoning of towns, both large and small, is likely to upset the Bolshevik government.

The objection to the Soviet system likely to be most strongly held by Liberals is that it is not democratic. This is possibly true, but the Russians may possibly argue that a labor qualification for the franchise is at least as democratic as a property qualification.

The Soviet government is an experiment, and to be blind to the experimental nature of revolution in itself is to misunderstand it. Just as it is a mistake for us to wish to apply our own constitutional precedents in Russia, so it is a mistake to see in the Bolshevik application of Marxian doctrine the experiments of mere doctrinaires. Lenin is a doctrinaire in the full sense of the word; he never relinquishes one iota of the pure doctrine, but he is a doctrinaire at bay, and never fails to use an advantage when circumstances offer. Such a weapon, ready to the hands of the Bolsheviks, was the Industrial Soviet bequeathed by the revolution of 1905.

The experiment would have been crushed by the constituent assembly, which we now know was not wholly representative of the Russian people because it was elected before the return of the younger generation from the front had remodeled the old-fashioned party machinery in the country. A parallel will suggest itself to many Liberals at the present time in the coming election in England. The constituent assembly would have been a reversion to the parliamentary type of representation which offers no attraction to the rank and file of the Russian people. The Soviet gives them that direct contact with the government, an outlet for that spontaneity of expression which they are accustomed to in the Commune. The Industrial Soviet is a spontaneous development in a centre of industrial activity of the same instinct for communal action which finds its expression in the Mir and the village Skhod or meeting. We English have not the instinct for meetings.

The most unforgettable impression left by a year and a half in a Russian village is the scene so constantly witnessed in front of the village hall. An apparent pandemonium; all are talking at once, no one apparently is listening to what another says. And yet pandemonium it is not—a conclusion is somehow reached. It can only be interpreted as collective thinking. Sometimes the whole crowd can be seen moving away at once to carry their conclusion into action. It is as mysterious as a swarm of bees.

What a contrast to our ideally elected parish councils!

Bolshevism rests on this instinct, and it seems to me that in the absence of it the widespread fears of Bolshevism in England are idle.

—From the London Nation (Nov. 30th).

♦♦♦

## Marts and Money

*Finance in St. Louis*

In the local market for securities, the principal feature of interest is National Candy common. Demand for it has been quite liberal lately, owing to the declaration of an extra dividend of \$5 by the company's board of directors.

The regular rate is \$5 per annum. The total of transactions mounted to almost five hundred shares. Most of them were concluded at 60 to 62. About two years ago, the stock was purchasable at 5. Inquiry for the first and second preferred shares, which draw \$7 per annum, shows no perceptible improvement as yet. One hundred and twenty Hydraulic Press Brick common brought 2.75 to 3 the other day, ten Brown Shoe common, \$66.50, five Certain-teed first preferred, 88, and \$1,000 Kansas City Home Telephone 5s, 88. The declaration of an extra \$1 dividend on Hamilton-Brown Shoe stock had no effect on the market for the shares, which are quoted at 127 bid, with none offering. The figure named is three points under the maximum of last August, and twenty-two points under the high record in 1917. The stock should be worth considerably more by and by. The banking group remains in a condition of neglect. Sixty

Bank of Commerce were disposed of at 118 lately, or at the figure previously effective. The directors of the Central National Bank have declared an extra \$1, and thereby raised the sum total for 1918 to \$7. St. Louis financiers are contemplating the organization of a discount bank with a capital of \$10,000,000. This is a timely and highly commendable proposal. One of its staunchest supporters is Festus J. Wade, president of the Mercantile Trust Company, who, in addition, favors the incorporation of discount companies in various cities of the St. Louis Federal Reserve District.

♦♦♦

### Answers to Inquiries.

F. L. B., Kansas City, Mo.—(1) Better postpone additional purchases of National Enameling, American Car & Foundry, U. S. Steel, Bethlehem, and Midvale. No precipitous rise likely in near future. If you buy at all, scale your orders. For instance: Midvale—43, 40,

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and 37. Dividend reductions probable. (2) Southern Pacific, Chesapeake, Great Northern, and Southern preferred are good selections, but would liquidate if I had profits. Future highly uncertain. If your holdings show losses, sit tight, and await developments. This is no time for being hasty. And don't feel disappointed if you lose chances of making gains. (3) Sugar, Tobacco, and Rubber issues high enough. In purchasing, Sugar and Tobacco stocks should be given preference.

Emma Carus, the musical-comedy star, was addressing a meeting of women war workers and grew facetious regarding mere man. "Girls, don't let the shortage of men for husbands worry you. All you've got to do is to throw things about the house, put cigarette ashes on the floor, sprinkle some whisky around the place to get the regular husband smell, buy a parrot that swears like you know what, then get a young man from the Y. M. C. A. and break him in to suit yourself."

E. K. C., Decatur, Ill.—(1) Illinois Central refunding 4s, maturing 1955, are a desirable investment. At the current price of 84 they yield a little more than 5 per cent. They are immediately ahead of \$109,291,000 capital stock, which draws 7 per cent per annum and has been paying dividends for many years. Since 1890, rates have been from 5 to 7 per cent. Last September the price was down to 77½. Nine years ago, the price was up to 101½. Bonds secured by mortgage on more than two thousand miles of track. The possibility of a break to 75 is remote. (2) Western Pacific 5s, quoted at 86, are not a high-grade proposition. They sold at 90 recently, and at 79½ last February. A decline to about 81 cannot be considered improbable.

INVESTOR, St. Louis.—Laclede Gas common is not over-valued at 86, the present price, denoting a return of 8 per cent, the yearly dividend rate being \$7. Save for the relative smallness of surplus earnings last year, after dividends on preferred and common, the quotation would not have dropped below 90. Last July it was down to 82. The floating supply is not large. A cut in the dividend to \$6 might lead to a decline to 75. The best price on record—118¾—was established in 1916. The advance then was anticipatory of an extra dividend of 10 per cent.

CAREFUL READER, St. Louis.—(1) It's decidedly premature to regard U. S. Industrial Alcohol as a superior investment stock. The acid test will be applied in the next few years. While the stock has shown notable stability in recent weeks, a further decline, say to about 85, is not wholly improbable. Unless indications are misleading, liquidation of stale holdings must still be reckoned with. The \$16 dividend is not secure. The top in 1918 was 137; in 1917, it was 171½. (2) An additional purchase of Union Pacific should not be made above 118.

♦♦♦

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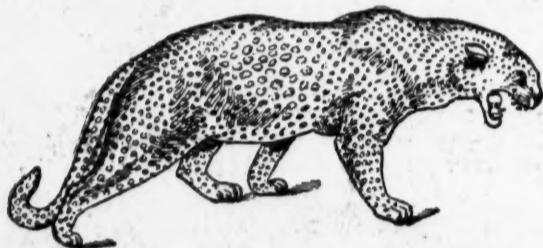
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